



Laurel Ridge.

We thought we would let you know that we were still among the living.

Mr. J. D. Shaw of Union Furnace was the guest of J. R. Rolsten and family Sunday.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. J. G. Krinn is no better at this writing.

Mr. Pearly Rolsten of this place called on his brother Howard of Clear Fork Sunday who is nursing a very painful hand.

Mr. Philip Geiger made a business trip to Logan Friday.

Mr. Arthur Rogers was seen winding his way towards B. F. Nihisers Sunday.

Samuel Smith and Jacob Nihiser called on Samuel Nihiser of Pleasant Valley Sunday.

Mr. J. W. Smith visited friends and relatives near Murray City the past week.

B. J. Nihiser is expecting the saw-mill to move on his place in the near future.

Don't forget to come again Zeke we would like to hear from you.

Carbonhill.

March has been a good month for the coal trust, but a bad month for the ice trust.

Mr. Wm. Bauman, of Carbon-dale, was seen here last Saturday night.

Mrs. Tigner, of Nelsonville, spent part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. John Tom, of this place.

Mr. James Francis had business in Straitsville last Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Edly and daughter, of Nelsonville, spent last Saturday and Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Downhour, of this place.

Mrs. Chas. Downhour, of this place, spent part of last week waiting on the sick.

Mr. James Slaughterly, of Long-streth, was calling here last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Green and little daughter Letha, of this place, spent last Saturday in Logan.

Mr. C. W. Bay, of this place, was in Murray city last Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Parks, of this place, had business in Nelsonville last Friday evening.

Morgan Bailey, Jerry Matheny and Curtis Shields were among those from this place that had business at Jobs last Saturday.

Mr. John Shunk, of this place, received the sad intelligence last Thursday that his son, Noah, had been killed in Oklahoma recently.

The two year old child of Mr. and Mrs. George Nutter, of this place, died last Wednesday.

Elder Arthur, of Straitsville, will preach here Wednesday evening, April 4, his subject will be "The first man that Christ called a fool."

I do not wish to weary the good Editor's patience, but I do want to, once and for all time, make a few remarks. In the first place I wish to say that there are some people who do not take the DEMOCRAT-SENTINEL, and as far back as I can remember never did take it and perhaps never will, but they will borrow it from their neighbors just to see what your humble servant has to say. Some of them think, or at least say, he is too outspoken, some say he is just it, and some don't say very much of anything. If you can't stand the naked truth here, what in the name of reason and common sense will you do when you stand before the judgement bar of God, where all is truth and justice. In the second place I wish to say I expect to tell the truth just as near as I can when I am gathering news for the paper and just as long as the Editor will publish the truth, just that long I will write it, and you can just club

away as long as you please, for there are always the most clubs under the tree that bears the best fruit. Some remind me of the fellow that applied for a license to preach and the conference asked him if he could preach and he said he could not, then they asked him if he could sing and he said no, and then they asked him what he could do, and he said he was a first class hand to object, and he wanted to go as an objector. Some think that the Editor is trying to build up a political machine for his own benefit, some think one thing and some another. While I am open to confess that I sometimes speak a little plain I have not exposed near all the meanness. I might tell something about some of the town gossip, and something about some of the fuses, or I might say something about how some people can get up at 4 o'clock from Monday till Saturday and get their work done all week and wade through 5 inches of snow on Saturday night and go to some supper of a worldly sort and stay up till ten o'clock, and on Sunday morning not get up till the first Sunday School bell rings and then claim to be Christians. I say I might tell these things but for the sake of friendship I won't.

UNCLE HEZ.

Chapel Ridge.

Mr. Harley Kalklosh and Miss Clara Deffenbaugh called on the Misses Cora and Hazel Oldfield last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Arnhart entertained at their pleasant home last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Less Lemon and children, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Steel, Mrs. M. M. Blackston and son Carl, and Mrs. Wm. Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cain were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Davis last Sunday.

Miss Maim Reichley has returned home after a weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Walker.

Allen Reichley has gone to Williamsport to work for Ben Johnson.

Harry Lyons attended the party at Bloomingville, Saturday night.

John O'Hara was a Lancaster visitor last week.

H. Johnson and Frank Tool called on Adam Schaal last Wednesday.

Miss Bessie Steel returned to her home in Laureville, Saturday, after a weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Steel and Mrs. M. M. Blackston.

Mr. Thomas O'Hara attended the funeral of his brother Mr. Jim O'Hara, at Haydensville, last week.

Cliff Walker's school closed last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons entertained at their pleasant home last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Will Barnhart, Jim Williams and Geo. Barnhart.

Mrs. Minnie Allen lost a valuable horse, Saturday.

John Lyons returned to his home in Laureville after a few days visit with his son, Charles Lyons.

Mr. Harley Kalklosh and Miss Clara Deffenbaugh attended the party at Bloomingville, Saturday night.

Harry Lyons was a business visitor at Cedar Grove, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Barnhart and George Barnhart entertained at their pleasant home last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Lyons and son Harry, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hutten and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Mount were Logan visitors last Friday and Saturday.

Alva Williams and mother, of Laureville, passed through here Sunday on their way to John Ferguson's.

Dr. Barton was seen on this ridge Sunday.

Mr. Harley Kalklosh and Miss Clara Deffenbaugh called on Mr. Dan Engle, Sunday.

No. 4 school had a spelling bee Friday, and the many who were

there report a good time. Albert Mattox holds the fort.

Mrs. Emma Reichley is still on the sick list.

Mrs. Martha O'Hara is on the sick list.

Chas. Lyons and son made a trip to Brookside Farm, Sunday.

Sweeping girls is the order of the day on this ridge. Look out boys or some of you are going to be cheated.

Charles Keller and son Fred, of Gibberville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lyons last Sunday and Monday.

Homer Kitchen was on this ridge last week.

Marion Mount and George Barnhart called on Cliff Walker last Sunday.

Arbor Day.

Governor Pattison has issued a proclamation fixing April 20th as Arbor Day in Ohio. The proclamation says in part:

"The adorning of our highways, public parks, and private grounds by the planting of trees, shrubs and vines should be encouraged by public authority and all institutions of learning throughout the state, because of their usefulness and beauty and their tendency to preserve our water supply and maintain our climatic conditions."

Sacrifices of Newspapers.

The general public often loses sight of the services and sacrifices of newspapers in behalf of principle. It is taken as a matter of course in every political campaign that a newspaper should espouse one side or the other, but little thought is given by the average reader to what sacrifices are made, what toil, what thought, what devotion, what unflinching zeal are contributed by the numerous and diversified personnel which constitutes the vast organization of a metropolitan journal. In no other profession do we witness the same unceasing, unselfish fidelity to a cause, the same unflinching and unwavering integrity of purpose, the same disregard of pecuniary loss, the same self-sacrificing, ardent, unflinching enthusiasm to principle, or the same courageous consecration to civic duty.

For Coughs and Colds

There is a remedy over sixty years old—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Of course you have heard of it, probably have used it. Once in the family, it stays; the one household remedy for coughs and hard colds on the chest. Ask your doctor about it.

"I have had pneumonia three times, and Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has brought me safely through each time. I have just recovered from my last attack, aged sixty-seven. No wonder I praise it."—S. H. HUNTER, Stevens Point, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Small Farm for Sale.

Consisting of 13½ acres, good young orchard, well watered, house, stable, shop and all necessary out buildings. Will sell or trade for town property. Situated at Ewing, six miles from Logan. Known as the T. K. Lanning property. Inquire of Warren Lanning, Logan, Ohio.

Notice of Appointment

Estate of Jeremiah Peterson, deceased. The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Jeremiah Peterson late of Hocking county, deceased. Dated this 25th day of February A. D. 1906. JAMES WOLFE, Administrator.

Fine Fruit Trees

The Choicest Varieties: Suited to this section. We have an excellent stock, and orders are coming in now. Intelligent planters realize the value of our Fifty Years Experience. Call and examine. Circular free.

Black's Nurseries, BREMEN, OHIO.

Wanted—A Reader

By HARRIET G. CARFIELD
Copyright, 1906, by H. G. Carfield

Jean Draper waited into the shabby little room with a copy of the morning paper in her hand. "There!" she cried excitedly. "Read that—read it aloud, child!"

The "child" was much older and larger than the young woman who addressed her and far more sedate. She had another name—Mary Brandon—but it had fallen into "innocuous desuetude" since the advent of Jean, who mothered every one, from the milkman's boy to the minister.

"You read it," Mary said, "my throat is like a nutmeg grater this morning." The animated look faded from Jean's face and the distracting little dimple in her left cheek stopped work immediately. "Oh," she cried regretfully, "I forgot your cold! You can't do it, after all. Just listen to this: 'Wanted—An educated elderly lady to read aloud to young man. Apply 2171 Dale avenue, 9 to 10 a. m.'"

Mary Brandon looked up from the button holes she was making at so much—or so little—a dozen and laughed hoarsely.

"Since when," said she, "has your 'child' become an 'elderly lady'?" "Oh, I know you wouldn't do as you are, but you make up so beautifully! Remember when you were Barbara Frietchie at the Whittier social? You have that wig now, haven't you, child? But you're hoarse, and so—"

"And so you can apply," Mary interrupted her.

"You know what a miserable reader I am—galloping along one page and balking at a long word or French phrase on the next. If I could choose my own book—'Easy Stories of One and Two Syllables, For Beginners,' or something like that—I'd think it no sin to deceive the unsuspecting youth. I believe I'll do it. They really don't need me now at the 'Chiroprapist's Parlor.' Dr. Gray intimated as much yesterday."

Mary laughed derisively. "Try it if you like," she said. "There may be no



"TELL ME, ARE YOU MARRIED?"

necessity for an elaborate makeup. If he needs a reader it's probably because his eyes have given out—glasses, my wig, an elderly manner, and there you are! Nothing will give you away unless it is your laugh, Jean. It sounds so young! But you haven't laughed much lately, I've noticed." Mary looked steadily into her friend's soft brown eyes. "Come now," she said, "fess up, dear, that you care more for Dr. Tom than you imagined when you invited on coming here to earn your living—poor, little living!"

"Never mind what I'd do, child," Jean said quickly, the warm color flooding her telltale face. "What you are about to do is of more importance now. Behold your lay figure! Make it to do over, wouldn't you?"

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TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO ESCAPED SPRING CATARRH BY TAKING PE-RU-NA.

Spring Fever is Spring Catarrh—Nothing Robs One of Strength Like Spring Catarrh.



MISS ESTELLE CAMPBELL.

Miss Estelle Campbell, 140 N. High street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"Peruna helped me when almost everything else failed. I was run down from overwork, as I had not been able to take a vacation for three years and naturally my nerves were all unstrung and was greatly in need of rest and a tonic."

"I went away for two months, but did not seem to get my strength back, although I was taking a prescription which the doctor gave me before I went away."

"At the request of my relatives, with whom I was visiting, I began to use Peruna, and you cannot realize how glad I was when within a week I found I was feeling so much better. Inside of a month I was feeling splendidly, ready and able to take up my work again."—Estelle Campbell.

A Spring Tonic.

Almost everybody needs a tonic in the spring. Something to brace the nerves, invigorate the brain, and cleanse the blood. That Peruna will do this is beyond all question.

We have on file thousands of letters which testify to the curative and preventive value of Peruna in cases of nervous depression and run down conditions of the system. We quote a typical case:

Mr. Frank Williams, 3335 34th street, New York City, member First Presbyterian Church and Captain Capitol Golf Club, writes:

"Last spring I suffered with malaria

Pe-ru-na is the Finest Tonic For a Weary Woman.

Miss B. Inez Silveira, 189 W. 130th street, New York City, Grand Recorder Daughters of American Independence, writes:

"Nine years of work, without a vacation, wore out my nervous system. I lost my appetite and felt weak and exhausted nearly all the time."

"Peruna restored me to perfect health in five weeks. It is the finest tonic for a weary woman that I know of. I gladly endorse it."—B. Inez Silveira.

Peruna is the most prompt and permanent cure for all cases of nervous prostration caused by systemic catarrh known to the medical profession.



MISS B. INEZ SILVEIRA.

and a run down condition which seemed very difficult to overcome.

"I tried several different tonics but did not seem to get much better until I began using Peruna. My recovery was slow, but I was improving and I was glad to continue using it."

"At the end of two months my health was restored and I looked and felt much better than I had for years. Your remedy is well worthy of a recommendation and I am pleased to give it mine."—Frank Williams.

Peruna never fails to prevent spring catarrh or nervous prostration, if taken in time.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE SPRING SCOURGE.

It's all right
To say
That you are sophisticated
And on to the ropes,
That you know the world,
The flesh
And the gentleman not mentioned
In polite society,
But,
If you have never lived
In a mud country,
My friend,
With the laughing eye
And the sunny disposition,
You don't know what life is.
Granted
You may have had appendicitis,
Corns
And poor relations,
But they are nothing
As compared with the joy
Of pulling one foot out
Of the mud.
While the other sinks deeper,
Allowing you to make
All of a quarter of a mile
An hour.
In your mad effort
To reach the postoffice
And get back home
Some time
In the same year,
To see six strong horses
Weep bitter tears
Because they can't pull
A goat cart.
By reason of the mud
Is something of a sight,
You'll allow.
When at every step
Your foot sinks through the earth
And heaves the foundations of
China.
You'll know you are living in a
mud country.
Without consulting any diagram
Or waiting to see what the snail
bills say.

Their Way.

"Agent wants to insure my cat."
"Don't let him."
The company would make you furnish proof of nine separate and distinct deaths before they would pay the policy."

One Way Round.

An old man who sells produce in the towns near Lowell, Mass., has his share of the best kind of wit—the unexpected. Not long ago, according to a writer in the Lowell Citizen, he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was in the kitchen when he brought them in and, womanlike, shivered a little when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd simply hate to cut off the heads of those innocent chickens!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"I do," replied the old man, "and so I never do it. I manage to get around it."

"How?" the housewife demanded, with eager interest. "The heads of these chickens are gone."

"Oh, yes," said the old man cheerfully, "I chopped the chickens off."

